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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 77
EDITORIALS:
Impatience for Peace 79
International Bankruptcy in Sight 80
A Triumph for Labor 81
PRESIDENT HOOVER'S RECORD. V. THE PRESIDENTIAL APPOINTMENTS. By Charles A. Beard 82
RUSSIA STRUGGLES ON. By Louis Fischer 85
THE POSTAGE STAMP GOES REPUBLICAN. By C. J. Huber 87
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 89
CORRESPONDENCE 89
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 90
BOOKS AND FILMS:
Letter Never Sent. By Eda Lou Walton 91
New Portraits by Strachey. By Henry Hazlitt 91
The Eternal Adolescent. By Eugene Löhrke 92
Liberals on Horseback. By Ernest Sutherland Bates 92
Logic and the Sciences. By Harold Ward 93
Chatterton. By Horace Gregory 93
Notes on Fiction 94
Films: Lectures from the Screen. By Alexander Bakshy 94
Drama. By H. H. 95

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IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine what purpose Mr. Hoover hoped to serve in announcing that "certain persons are selling short in our commodity markets, particularly in wheat," and in urging that "these gentlemen" should "close up these transactions and desist from their manipulation." The action of the market on the day following his statement, when wheat fell still further, did not indicate that the gentlemen in question were taking the President's patriotic appeal very seriously. But suppose that a large short interest had existed in the commodity markets, and that, on the President's rebuke, it had suddenly grown repentant and covered? What would have been the result? There would probably have been a sharp temporary upward flurry, lasting, perhaps, several days or more. After that the market would have had to take care of itself, and as there would have been no short interest to act as a potential cushion, it would have broken badly on days of heavy liquidation or disquieting news. The truth is that short selling is nearly always a minor and temporary factor in its influence on the larger movements of commodity prices. Every bushel of wheat sold short must eventually be bought back; a large outstanding short interest, therefore, is a factor not of weakness but of strength, for repurchases in general raise prices by as much as former sales depressed them.

THE PRESIDENT'S STATEMENT would have been ill-advised in any case, but it seems extremely unfortunate as applied to the present situation in wheat. As the wheat market is notoriously a world market, one cannot hope to control it very much by abolishing short sales at Chicago. The presidents of the large American grain exchanges, moreover, unite in declaring that the short interest in the grain markets at present is virtually negligible. They remark that with July wheat in the neighborhood of fifty cents a bushel, the lowest price in the records of the Department of Agriculture (the present Liverpool price of wheat, as Charles T. Stevenson, president of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, points out, is lower than it has been for 250 years), few traders see much profit to be gained from selling short. The main cause of the present low price of wheat, as even schoolboys know by this time, is the tremendous world crop, the result largely of Russia's return to pre-war production. On the same day as President Hoover's statement, the United States Department of Agriculture, which so far as is known is not subsidized by short sellers, forecast an American spring and winter wheat production more than 5,000,000 bushels in excess even of that of 1930. The second most important depressing factor in the market is the 200,000,000 or more bushels of wheat still held by the Administration's own Farm Board, which everyone knows must soon or late be sold back to the market. Mr. Hoover could hardly have hoped that his statement would deflect attention from this. This wheat was bought at more than twice the present level of prices. Suppose the Farm Board, instead of being a virtuous purchaser of wheat above a dollar, had wickedly sold it short then? Instead of now having 200,000,000 bushels to sell, it would have had 200,000,000 bushels to buy back—which would have been an enormous force for encouragement. Incidentally the board would have made a large profit instead of a heavy loss for the taxpayers. The President's statement, if anything, might tend to undermine confidence rather than restore it; the outlook for wheat prices would be indeed dark if there were no better reason than "patriotism" for refraining from short sales now.

THERE STILL EXIST business men who insist that their particular line must be made the one exception to the world-wide economic adjustment. Here is William L. Enequist, president of the Long Island Real Estate Board, for example, voicing what must be a very widespread opinion among brokers and real-estate owners that rents and real-estate values must not be permitted to suffer any real decline. "It may be true that rents are still greater than many can afford to pay," says Mr. Enequist, "but this does not alter the fact that the landlord is entitled to a return on his investment." Stated the other way round, this proposition sounds considerably more plausible: "It may be true that the landlord is entitled to a return on his investment, but this does not alter the fact that rents are still greater than many can afford to pay." The farmer whose crops are selling at less than half their former prices can hardly be expected, if he is a tenant, to continue to pay as high a rent as he previously did, nor, if he is an owner, can he expect to sell his farm for as much; the manufacturer with a smaller volume of sales and lower prices for his goods is in the same position; not to speak, when we turn to residential rents, of the

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millions of unemployed and the still greater number of those with reduced salaries or wages. Is the landlord "entitled" to "a return on his investment" in any other sense than the security-holder to dividends, the farmer and manufacturer to profitable prices for what they produce, the wage-earner to a job and fair pay? In the long run it will not profit landlords to precipitate bankruptcies by excessive rents, or to maintain nominally high rents with half-empty apartment houses and business buildings. In the present profound readjustment there are likely to be few exemptions.

THE TARIFF COMMISSION, through the President, has reported on the first nine months of its activities since its reorganization. During that time 229 investigations were authorized and 110 of them completed. Of the remaining 119, public hearings have been held on 33 articles, and the status of 51 others is such that public hearings may come at any time. The commission reports that the results of 22 of its investigations, covering 46 articles, were reported to the President. As a result he has put into effect decreases in the rates on such articles as pigskin leather, wood flour, maple sugar and maple syrup, wool-felt hats, sewed straw hats, edible gelatine, olive oil in packages, bent-wood furniture, and pipe organs (for use in cases where admissions are not charged to hear the aforesaid pipe organs). Increases were announced on woven-wire fencing and netting, Fourdrinier wire, cylinder wire, woven-wire cloth, hemp cordage, dried-egg products, and last, but perhaps not least, on that very important article of consumption, bicycle bells. The commission is proud that it has disposed of an average of one case per week from the time of its appointment. Well, it is justified if one compares that with the record of the previous Tariff Commission. But when one reads the list of articles cited one cannot pretend that any of them, with the exception of hats, is of particular importance to the American people, while the sad fact remains that there were no less than 21,000 items in the Hawley-Smoot tariff. At this rate it will take Mr. Hoover's flexible Tariff Commission about seventy years to overhaul the whole of the most iniquitous tariff in American history.

THE TIME HAS PASSED when what happens in the courts and prisons of one country is unnoticed beyond its boundaries. The recent revelations of the ill-treatment of prisoners in the Polish jail at Brest-Litovsk echoed all over Europe, and the persecutions of minority politicians in Jugoslavia and Hungary have attracted widespread attention from time to time, as have the bloody crimes committed by the Soviet Government against its own people. But it is our own courts which are now being particularly watched abroad and in a really remarkable way. Thus, in Russia, Cuba, South America, and Europe there have been vigorous protests against the execution of the eight Negro boys convicted in Scottsboro, Alabama, on the charge that they assaulted two young white women of admittedly loose character. In Dresden, Leipzig, and Berlin groups of Communists have demonstrated before the American consulates, even smashing six windows of the offices in Berlin. It is, unhappily, obvious that, with the Southern temperament what it is, foreign protests will not help but injure the cause of the convicted Negroes. But it is not only this case which stirs sentiment abroad. No less a person than Albert Einstein has just appealed directly to Governor Rolph of California asking for absolute pardon for both Mooney and Billings. The world has not forgotten the crime of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. It looks with suspicion upon American justice and finds much in contemporary American newspapers to sustain its mistrust.

"THE GREATEST political demonstration in the history of the Philippine Islands"—so the cables reported the outpouring of Filipinos in honor of Senator Harry B. Hawes of Missouri in Manila on July 12. There were 40,000 marchers and 120,000 to 160,000 looking on and applauding, and Senator Hawes received an "elaborately phrased expression of gratitude" for his "untiring and entirely unselfish efforts in behalf of the Philippines." Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, who was also present, received a much less eloquent resolution of gratitude since he has been less outspoken for Philippine independence than Senator Hawes. Some of the marchers—like the school children—were doubtless forced to parade. In spite of that, the Filipinos have again made clear beyond question that they wish to cut loose from us. Indeed, the feeling became so intense that there was a conflict between natives and Americans, with the result that the latter were stoned. Of course our jingoes and imperialists will reiterate that the Filipinos are unfit for self-government. That is not our business; it is not our country but theirs, and their wishes alone should control. After thirty-three years we have failed to win their affection—they want to be rid of us.

HOW TREMENDOUSLY INDIGNANT the newspapers can become over the violation of constitutional rights when it is some of their own people who fall under the blows of policemen's clubs! Most of the press can look on with perfect equanimity while workingmen, college professors, and others suffer from the lawlessness and tyranny of the authorities, but let a single reporter be harmed and the press forthwith begins roaring. At Barberton, Ohio, on June 26, the police with tear bombs and billies charged an open-air meeting of radicals being held contrary to the wishes of the city authorities. The guardians of the law failed to distinguish, however, between radicals and newspapermen. Frank Demshaw, a photographer for the Akron *Beacon-Journal,* was blackjacked during the assault (it is said he will lose his hearing in one ear as a result), while Edwin W. Kain, a reporter for the same paper, "was kicked in the side by an unidentified club-wielder, but not seriously injured." The newspapers of Ohio immediately got into action. Damage suits were filed against nine policemen and special officers of Barberton. The fact that several other citizens were also clubbed seems to have been lost sight of in this great outburst of indignation. But of course they were only Communists.

NO FEWER THAN 115,537 NEGROES were added to the colored population of Manhattan in the decade from 1920 to 1930, during which period the white population decreased by 537,000. Indeed, to traverse Harlem on one of these summer nights is to raise the question whether the flood of colored humanity there visible will not submerge still other quarters of the metropolis. In the Bronx the Negro gain was 8,124. In 1910 Negroes in New York con-

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stituted but 2.6 per cent of the population; they are today 12.03 per cent. In New Jersey there was a similar development in this last decade; the white population increased 26.1 per cent, while the Negro rose 78.3, so that there are now 208,832 Negroes in that ex-slave State. In New Jersey, too, the influx settles in the towns and cities and enormously increases the problem of urban government. In the hands of unscrupulous politicians Negroes become, like many other groups, a menace to the health and progress of the community. Given inadequate residential spaces, they are bound to add enormously to the problem of government.

IT IS ALMOST INCREDIBLE that any government could allow its juvenile offenders to be treated with such wanton brutality as that depicted in the latest Wickersham Commission report. The revelations of the treatment accorded minors in federal prisons were published by the White House. They showed that boys have been flogged and girls confined in dark cells for infractions of prison rules. "A few minor offenses noted in the records" of the Chillicothe (Ohio) Industrial Reformatory, says the report, include "possession of a two-cent stamp, talking in mess line, concealing an apple in bunk, kicking a refuse can, stealing five eggs from the kitchen." In some of the jails where children have been kept awaiting trial there were found conditions "of filth and misery impossible to convey." That a situation like this has been permitted to develop is another grave indictment of our penal system. The commission itself declares that "the federal government is not equipped to serve as a guardian to the delinquent child. Nor should it assume this task. Whenever a child has broken a federal law, his local community has failed in its responsibility to furnish adequate parental guidance. This duty is local, not national." It is recommended that the "federal government be empowered to withdraw from the prosecution of juveniles," leaving this task to the States and communities.

THE HEART OF EVERY SPORTSMAN must go out to the skippers and crews of the ten yachts that started from Newport on July 4 in a 3,000-mile race to Plymouth, England. Ranging in length from forty-six to seventy-one feet, the boats are well within the class of ships to which an Atlantic crossing is weighted with peril. It is true, of course, that many boats of no greater length and many of less have crossed the ocean safely. But in the weeks that are required for such a voyage high courage and a stout heart are demanded of those who make the trip. There will be fog and heavy weather, unpredictable winds, the treacherous currents of the North Atlantic; hard work, little sleep, a surfeit of canned food, life under difficulty and hazard will attend the voyagers. If the yachts are captained and in some cases manned by those accustomed to living luxuriously, all such considerations will be thrown overboard. Two-fisted mariners are required for this trip, and it is safe to assume that no others had the temerity or backbone to apply. It is rather a pity that the officials in charge of the race could not permit the midget sloop Ahto, whose twenty-eight feet of length has already safely negotiated the Atlantic, to compete because she was so small. The Ahto sailed nevertheless, politely waiting until the ten contestants had crossed the starting-line. She will come along, too, and will share the good wishes that attend all.

Impatience for Peace

ALL that words can do for peace was done on July 11 at the great demonstration meeting in Albert Hall, London, when 8,000 persons inside the hall and many times that number outside heard Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin, and David Lloyd George tell them, in language that there could be no mistaking, what the Government of England meant to do to stop war. The Prime Minister's speech came first. He spoke not only of the united enthusiasm for peace that exists in England but of the folly of preparation for war: "History is one unbroken story of armed peoples attacking armed peoples." Unfortunately, he added, "the sentiment of peace is universal. The practice of peace is circumscribed." The coming Geneva conference on disarmament *must* bring results.

Mr. Lloyd George was equally pertinent. We have talked peace and prepared for war, he said. We have had disarmament conferences, a Locarno agreement, a pact to renounce war—"proposed by a country whose armaments were much more powerful than they were before the war and whose armaments have increased since they signed the pact to renounce war." And since then all the nations which attended those conferences, which signed that agreement and that pact have become more militaristic than ever. "They have kept Germany to her promise but they have broken their own." "The world is going on steadily, horribly, stupidly marching toward war, that catastrophe, singing the songs of peace and preparing for war."

These are not merely words, they are facts. In France, in the United States, in Germany, in Japan, even among England's navophiles it is evident that the lesson of the last war has not been learned. We have thought that an overpowering sentiment against war would have to spring up from the people of every great nation. Governments make war, we have said time and again; peoples must make peace. It may be that, owing in part to the present condition of the world's finances, this state of affairs is changing. Governments may begin to realize what a powerful instrument they are controlling, that the safety of mankind rests on their refusal to unleash these engines of destruction, to arouse the war spirit, to give the jingoes in any country free rein to print their lies and their half-truths in order that an enemy may be created and a war begun. The speeches of these three men indicated something of the kind, as did the remarks of the chairman, Field Marshal Sir William Robertson, fifty years a soldier, when he said: "I believe the majority of the people in the world now think war hurts everybody and helps nobody—except the profiteers—and settles nothing."

No sounder truths about war and peace could have been spoken. What remains? Patience, said Mr. MacDonald, patience and persistence and faith. Impatience, said Maude Royden, the only woman speaker, impatience from the common run of people, so that the negotiators for peace would be compelled to get results. Words for peace are very well. But what we must have in addition is a burning, an unconquerable, an undeviating hatred of war, any war for whatever reason. When war becomes unthinkable, then, and then only, is peace assured.

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International Bankruptcy in Sight

ALMOST like lighting out of a clear sky came the fresh developments in the German financial situation which culminated in the failure on July 13 of the great Darmstädter and National Bank. That the situation remained grave after the acceptance of the Hoover moratorium was obvious, but it was everywhere believed that the President's action had removed the possibility of disaster. Yet it was disaster which faced not only Germany but all Europe when the week of July 12 began. Whether international bankruptcy has definitely been avoided is not certain as we go to press, despite the encouraging actions of the Bank for International Settlements and the readiness of the central banks of the various countries—with the exception of France—to extend prompt aid. That was the least they could do, for if Germany collapses financially, the rest of Europe cannot escape the consequences and will be drawn into equal misery. We are well aware, and have frequently stated, that the German Government's conduct of its affairs has often been extremely ill-advised and mistaken, as was repeatedly pointed out by S. Parker Gilbert when Agent General of Reparations. But that is today entirely beside the mark. What the financial powers and governments are today fighting for is the safety of Europe and of capitalist government everywhere.

If it is necessary to place the responsibility anywhere, let us put it where it belongs—upon the madness of Versailles, upon the utter stupidity and folly of the whole reparations and debt policy, which, as *The Nation* stated from the very beginning, was impossible of fulfilment, fraught with most grievous mischief for the whole world, and certain to bring economic misery if not complete disaster in its train. Europe is paying now for the political folly and the economic insanity of the men who made the Treaty of Versailles—Woodrow Wilson, Clemenceau, Orlando, and Lloyd George, and it will never be safe again until the books are wiped clean of all the Versailles mistakes. Even as we write, the measures of safety proposed seem utterly inadequate. In 1894 the United States Treasury, in the emergency of that year, got together $100,000,000 to protect the gold reserve; it was swept away in a few days. The credit of $100,000,000 given to Germany following the Hoover moratorium announcement was exhausted in nine days. The additional sums offered by the B. I. S. will similarly help but little. There must be offered not only the necessary funds but much more than is needed, if the situation is to be saved. Meanwhile, Germany must do its utmost, besides closing all banks for two days, besides taking over the Darmstädter Bank, besides restricting credit and limiting the withdrawals of foreign capital. It is the gravest financial emergency which the modern world has ever faced, and it is surpassed in its menace to all nations only by the outbreak of the World War on August 1, 1914.

Whatever else may be confused, one thing is beyond doubt, and that is the despicable character of the policy followed by the French. Approached by Dr. Luther with a plain statement of the exceeding gravity of the German crisis, the French Premier calmly replied that Germany could have financial aid, but only upon certain terms. Not financial terms. It was not a matter of haggling over interest rates, or other conditions of a loan, or series of loans. No, indeed. What Premier Laval, in the role of Shylock, demanded was political terms. Germany must cease building her "pocket battleships" and abandon her customs union with Austria—the latter already referred to the Hague Court for decision as to whether it violated Germany's treaty obligations. For cold-blooded, sadistic cruelty commend us this French action. If this is justified, it is humane and moral to withhold a life-preserver from a drowning man while one seeks to wrest from him a promise that he will restrict his liberty in return for his life.

Never since the Brest-Litovsk treaty of Germany's making have we witnessed in international relations anything similarly calculating and conscienceless. But even worse than its cruelty is its stupidity. Apparently the French politicians were quite willing to have Germany collapse if only they could get their pound of flesh. Even after the failure of the Darmstädter and National Bank, when in Basel, Berlin, London, and New York last-hour efforts were being made to save Germany in order to save Europe, the word came again from Paris that the German Ambassador, von Hoesch, had been received by Briand and Premier Laval only to be told that while France was "quite sympathetic" it would abate not one jot of its demand, decrease not a tithe the blood-price demanded for its aid. What is that price? Nothing else than that Germany yield its national independence and become a vassal state—to France; that it allow France to dictate to it what its foreign policy shall be; whether it can or cannot make a simple tariff agreement with a neighbor.

It is the folly of it, we repeat, that leaves us aghast. For Europe is at stake. We suppose that some of the French politicians are still of the belief that if Germany collapses, a "menace" to France will have been removed, France might then help herself to the left bank of the Rhine, and go her way supremely content with Germany prostrate, in ruins. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Let its officials ask any American financier what the effect on France's finances of an insolvent Germany will be. Let them ask themselves if with chaos and perhaps anarchy in Europe they can keep the contagion from crossing their borders. Let them inquire of any of the leading British statesmen what they think the effect will be on Great Britain if Germany collapses. But they need not stop to do that. Let them read the outburst of indignation from the British press at their attitude toward Germany, such a warning, for example, as that of the London *Times* that there must be "no more haggling," that "the sands of time are running out," that "the [French] process of hard bargaining that has followed Mr. Hoover's original proposal has largely nullified its beneficial effects already"; and then let them ask themselves whether the price in international anger they are paying for their Neronian policy is worth the cost. *They* be unaffected if Germany collapse? Let them call the tune as they please. Eventually they will pay the piper, and not only they, but all of Europe and the United States as well.

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A Triumph for Labor

THE most progressive piece of labor legislation in the country has just been enacted into law by the State of Wisconsin and signed by Governor Philip La Follette. This is Wisconsin's labor code, introduced some months ago by State Senator Thomas Duncan. It is substantially the same bill as that recently introduced in Congress by Senator Henrik Shipstead and now indorsed by many prominent lawyers as well as by labor organizations throughout the country, and it closely approximates the model labor bill drawn up by the Committee on Labor Injunctions formed by the American Civil Liberties Union, under the chairmanship of Charles F. Amidon, former United States judge.

The main features of the bill are three: one dealing with the "yellow-dog" contract, one dealing with procedure in cases of application for injunction, and one defining the rights of persons committed for contempt of court in injunction cases. In addition there is a general statement, a sort of bill of rights to introduce the various aspects of labor legislation. The measure then proceeds to outlaw the yellow-dog contract—whereby an employee engages, as one of the terms of his employment, not to join a specific labor union—declaring it to be "contrary to public policy" and not to afford any basis for legal or equitable relief in court. Next it declares that "whether performed singly or in concert" strikes, membership in a labor union, payment of union dues, giving publicity to strikes, peaceful assembly, peaceful picketing, and in general the orderly conduct of strikes and labor disputes shall be in all ways legal, and that none of the foregoing acts may be enjoined by any court.

Most interesting, however, are the provisions with regard to the granting of injunctions. The bill removes entirely the possibility of the summary granting of ex parte injunctions, and provides that the courts may issue an injunction only after clearly prescribed procedure designed to protect not only the complainant but the defendant. Injunctions may be granted only after a hearing at which witnesses for both sides are heard under oath; affidavits are no longer permissible as evidence of the necessity for an injunction. Ample evidence must be given that unlawful acts have been committed or are threatened and that public officers charged with the duty to protect the property of the complainant are unable to furnish that protection. Due notice of injunction proceedings must be given. Temporary injunctions may be issued—after sufficient proof of their need has been offered—only for a period of five days and only after forty-eight hours have elapsed, during which due notice must be given that the application for injunction has been made. Nor are temporary injunctions renewable, although if hearings have actually begun, the temporary injunction may remain in force while they proceed. And, finally and in some ways most important, bond must be posted by the complainant to cover costs of the proceedings.

The provisions to cover contempt cases are equally far-reaching. Persons charged with civil or criminal contempt for violation of an injunction shall enjoy the right to admission to bail, the right to make adequate defense, to a jury trial, and to demand that they be heard before a judge other than the one before whom the alleged contempt was committed. Punishment for contempt is specifically defined and limited to a fine not to exceed twenty-five dollars or to imprisonment for ten days or both, and, when the fine is not paid, fifteen days is the limit for incarceration therefor. The latter provisions, of course, do away with the time-honored practice of holding labor "agitators" in jail while the injunction, itself often of long duration, remains in force.

It will be seen from this fairly detailed account of Wisconsin's labor code that the rights of labor and the conduct of the courts with respect to labor organizations are defined to a surprising degree. While Wisconsin is the leader in this defense of labor's rights, others States are slowly coming into line. Pennsylvania passed at the last session of the legislature two bills, one of which changed the procedure in injunction hearings and the other of which duplicated the Wisconsin provisions in contempt cases. Both of the bills were bitterly opposed by former Senator Grundy, and although Governor Pinchot accepted Grundy support at the last election, he was courageous enough to sign the bills regardless. It is said that not a few votes for the bills were for the sole purpose of embarrassing the Governor. If this is so, the legislators in question were hoist with their own petard, for the obnoxious bills have become law. Bills outlawing yellow-dog contracts have been passed in Arizona, Colorado, Ohio, and Oregon. Ten other States introduced similar legislation, but it failed of passage. But now that Wisconsin has led the way, and that even the National Civic Federation, under the headship of Mr. Matthew Woll, has indorsed the federal bill, other States will undoubtedly follow. It is by no means unlikely that, owing largely to the concerted, nation-wide campaign carried on by the injunction committee, we are at the turning-point in labor equity. Nor should the effect of the violent protests in the Judge Parker case be overlooked.

The question of the constitutionality of this legislation will undoubtedly come up as soon as the laws become generally in force, if not in Wisconsin's conservative courts, then surely in the courts of other States. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, one of the most reactionary courts in the country, has already ruled that anti-labor-injunction legislation similar to Wisconsin's is unconstitutional. With respect to the injunction procedure and to the limitations in contempt cases, the matter must be tried out as it comes up. No strictly analogous cases have been heard before the United States Supreme Court, and the temper of that body is such at present that labor may feel it has at least a fighting chance of seeing its rights in court, as defined in the Wisconsin law, upheld. There is every reason to hope that the new Wisconsin law will remain in force, and that other laws similar in content will be put on the statute books and stay there. Too much credit cannot be given not only to Senator Duncan of Wisconsin, but to Judge Amidon's committee, of which Alexander Fleischer of Philadelphia, volunteering his time, was perhaps the particular star, for achieving what may be called a triumph in labor's cause.

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President Hoover's Record
V. The Presidential Appointments*

By CHARLES A. BEARD

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S appointments have been under a heavy fire. Ardent souls who expected miracles on the day of his inauguration have been disappointed. They seem to have thought that Mr. Hoover's previous training, experience, and demonstrations of interest meant a divorce from historic politics and the selection of supermen for the administration of the great departments and agencies under his jurisdiction. At last, it was said, we have a man who has come to the White House by a route of distinguished service, not the ordinary dusty way of politics, and who will be free to choose "the best men in the country" for high offices of state. Of course, no seasoned observer of the political show cherished any expansive delusions, but editors given to literary hopes and liberals always on the lookout for marvels began to search the heavens for rainbows on March 4, 1929. Judging by their recent comments on Presidential manipulations they are discontented. Were they justified in their expectations? Have they warrant for their present depression of spirit?

Before attacking these questions, a number of considerations must be drawn into the picture; points of reference, bench marks must be set up. First of all, what are the criteria by which to judge excellence in political personalities? Are there units of measurement which can be established by the Bureau of Standards, good always and everywhere? Is the fact that a man looms large in the headlines and is praised in double-leaded editorials by sapient Olympians proof that he is "great"? These questions may be answered at once with an emphatic no. There are, to be sure, many soothsayers, necromancers, and shamans who think that they know "greatness" when they see it, but those who are given to the long study of history shrink from snap judgments. Matters of greatness are complicated—men and women do not know their real powers until they confront the impossible; and circumstances, no less than inner urges, account for the permanent stars on the horizon of humanity. If Lincoln had died in 1857, he would have appeared only in the local histories of Illinois as a village politician of dubious and devious methods; had he lived until 1880, through the scandals of the reconstruction era, he might not be today one of the saints in the national calendar.

Headlines and popular judgments are far from infallible. Who was the greatest figure in Europe during the storm of the World War? Joffre, Ludendorff, Foch, Clemenceau, or Lloyd George? Perhaps in the long verdict of history it may not be any of them, but an obscure, despised, outlawed agitator, Nikolai Lenin. It is too early to speak with assurance, but if the Soviet system succeeds and forces world-wide transformations in politics and economy, it may turn out that the mighty men who fought the war will be regarded as the last of the barbarians and Lenin will be hailed as the harbinger of a new day. If the Soviet scheme fails and the diplomacy of Europe continues on the old level of Petersburg-Berlin-Paris-London cynicism, then Lenin may linger in history merely as a sinister curse or troublesome madman. The strange thing is that concerning our contemporaries we never can tell, or at best can make only a poor guess. What capacities, therefore, may be buried in President Hoover's official family may never be known. They may never emerge from the commonplace cloud that hangs, in an era of peace, over the land of the free and the home of the brave. But some kind of crisis may test them in fire. Destiny always shimmers like a mirage on the horizon. There are times and circumstances. Carlyle to the contrary notwithstanding, great men do not make history; or at all events they cannot make a drama out of gossip. If to reporters hot for news or editors bent on swift judgment, all this seems remote, the retort is that "Weltgeschichte ist Weltgericht" and all other courts are on a level with the justice of the peace.

Zooming a little nearer to earth, let us take a look at the political landscape in which the President of the United States operates. No matter what may be the power of the President's personality, he must work with his party. Free lances may talk savagely about "breaking the shackles of party," but the Chief Magistrate of the nation is put into the White House by a party and he makes promises and creates obligations in the process of getting there. It is childish to ignore these cast-iron realities. Wistful wishers may long to see the day when a President will strike out right and left, declare his indifference to renomination or to the fate of his party after he has climbed the ladder and got over the wall; but the country is not governed by or for wistful wishers. The mighty Roosevelt, even when he was beating coal-mine owners over the head during the great strike, was playing politics to get the grand old party's contingent back into the Congress of the United States. And if a careful study is made of his "hard hitting" it will be seen that he picked dead men for his stunning blows—until the squall of 1912. He could use the big stick on Bryan, but he spoke softly unto T. C. Platt in the latter's day of grace. No President ever did or can, save at great peril, ignore his party fences; nor can the public ever distinguish operations on his part designed in the interest of personal advancement from operations intended to protect party interests. So those who are inclined to attack Mr. Hoover's appointments will do well to consider prayerfully the state of the Republican Party before they let off their heaviest artillery.

Swinging lower, nearer to political earth, we may look still closer at the net in which the President works—the close-watched servitude mocked by the pomp of power, as Macaulay would say. Few indeed are the appointments in which he really has a free hand. Glowering on the eastern sky is the Senate of the United States. The President's

* The fifth of a series of articles on President Hoover's Record. The sixth, Mr. Hoover's "Noble Experiment," by Professor Peter Odegard of Ohio State University, will appear in our next issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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chief nominations are subject to the review of that august body, and the Republican members of that august body know full well, most of them at least, that unless appointments falling within their respective States are made with reference to local machinery, they will fail to return at the end of their terms. This may be regretted, but it is exigent. Even members of the House of Representatives belonging to the President's party have a hand in the racket, at all events with respect to minor federal appointments "back home." Of this situation William Howard Taft once wrote a bit plaintively:

> A member of a community remote from the capital . . . wonders that a President, with high ideals and professions of a desire to keep the government pure and have efficient public servants, can appoint to an important local office a man of mediocre talent and of no particular prominence or standing or character in the community. Of course the President cannot make himself aware of just what standing the official appointed has. He cannot visit the district; he cannot determine by personal examination the fitness of the appointee. He must depend upon the recommendations of others; and in matters of recommendations, as indeed of attaining office, it is leg muscle and lack of modesty which win, rather than fitness and character. . . . He is made dependent [on Senators and Representatives] because the Senate, by the Constitution, shares with him the appointing power; . . . practically, because of the knowledge of the Senators of the locality, the appointing power is in effect in their hands subject only to a veto by the President.

Such is one of the penalties of smoke-screen government, and there is no justice in putting the whole burden of responsibility for selections on the President himself. What goes on behind the scenery that is visible to the public cannot be known.

Coming at last to personalities, odious as the operation is, there are concrete facts to be considered. In a general sense the President's Cabinet officers are his personal representatives. The Senate seldom interferes with his selections for these posts. The accident to Mr. Charles Beecher Warren, whom Mr. Coolidge tried to make Attorney General, is an exception that proves the rule. It is safe to assume that Mr. Stimson is President Hoover's deliberate choice for Secretary of State. Like all other appointments, this has been criticized. Well, Mr. Stimson is certainly as well qualified for that office as Mr. Kellogg, or Mr. Lansing, or Mr. Bryan, or any one of ten or fifteen other dignitaries who have filled the place. That is speaking modestly at least, and without any prejudice in Mr. Stimson's favor. Yes, the pessimistic critic will say, but it is not a question of relative merits; a greater man than Mr. Stimson should have been selected. That sounds good to tender ears. But the writer of this article a few days ago put to an old and experienced student and practitioner this poser: "Who in the Republican Party in this year of grace is better qualified for the office of Secretary of State than the present incumbent?" After long deliberation he suggested Mr. Silas Strawn of Chicago. When for the sake of argument his contention was admitted and additional names were called for, the aforesaid expert in public affairs broke down and wept: there were no others. Anybody who wishes to take a whack at Mr. Stimson may profitably take stock of the supply of experts in foreign affairs now available in the Republican Party—experts, that is, who have not committed themselves openly to some such heresy as the League of Nations or another fairly positive proposition. This game of hide and seek is as informing as it is diverting. And it may be applied with equally pertinent results to the remaining members of Mr. Hoover's Cabinet. Compare, for illumination, Mr. Wilbur with Mr. Roy O. West or Mr. A. B. Fall. Compare, for further light, Mr. Hoover's entire Cabinet with the array of talent gathered by Mr. Wilson, sometime president of Princeton.

Passing with due obeisance into the presence of the Supreme Court, we encounter Chief Justice Hughes. If there is any meaning at all in the history of the Republican Party from the spacious days of Alexander Hamilton to the crabbed hours of Calvin Coolidge, then Mr. Hughes was the logical, inevitable choice for the place. Against his character and learning not a word could be breathed, and there was as much reason for expecting liberalism from him, if that is desirable at all in that high tribunal, as from any other prominent Republican who could have been elevated to the position.

About the President's attempt to appoint Judge Parker much furor was raised, but there are today and have been in the past men of smaller caliber in the Supreme Court—men of economic views cast in a similar mold. In spite of all cavil there was something to be praised in the idea of having the South represented in the manufacture of federal jurisprudence. When Judge Parker was unhorsed, the President selected Mr. Roberts, who, it seems to be generally conceded among newspapermen, is not only worthy of the place he occupies but is likely to surprise the saints by doing some thinking on his own account. If the President should nominate "the right kind of man" according to the canons handed down from Mark Hanna's day, Dr. Moses's sons of the wild ass would flatten the victim under their iron hoofs; if he should dare, like Roosevelt or Wilson, to select some American lawyer openly, manifestly, and notoriously known to be tainted with sociological jurisprudence, a cry of distress would go up from vested interests which would rock the Republican boat and toss to heaven the sea in which it sails. No wise man bores a hole in the bottom of his own vessel.

Without going into other details bordering perhaps on the invidious, we may look at President Hoover's selections for the Federal Power Commission. No one will contend, it may be presumed, that any of the men chosen for this agency is a transcendent expert in public utilities. No such expert could possibly have been appointed to the commission. If Mr. Hoover had chosen as chairman Mr. Morris L. Cooke or some member of an existing State commission known to be strict in his theories respecting prudent investment, realistic valuation, and fair return on bona fide capital, the nominee could not have got past that third house of the national Congress—the Organized Utility Interests of America. If, on the other hand, Mr. Hoover had selected a seasoned and disciplined specialist from one of the great utility companies, the slaughter in the Senate would have been terrible to behold. Hence the President chose the only course open to him and selected colorless men for the Power Commission—men guiltless of positive opinions, at least as far as public knowledge runs.

But are they competent men for the place? Here an

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answer can be made beyond all controversy. Three of them are not. One of the supreme tests of competence is capacity to get away with all that is to be got away with. In accomplishment—whatever the end—decorum, circumspection, and facility are indispensable elements. Before the ink had dried on their commissions, three of the new power board met hurriedly and fired bodily three outstanding employees of the old establishment: Bonner, King, and Russell. Bonner was known to have consistently favored rulings desired by the utility concerns. King and Russell had been found on the other side—interpreting the law strictly in the public interest as they conceived it. As all the world knows, this hasty and huddled action raised a storm, and discredited the commission with a large section of Congress, upon which it depends for its very existence.

Surprised or disgruntled by the Senate's reaction to this precipitate stroke of state, the chairman of the Power Commission made a thinly disguised attack on Congress in a public address, and the newspapermen squared away expecting a clean-cut fight on the power issue—the release of applicants for federal power rights from the narrow prescriptions of the Water Power Act. They were encouraged in their expectations by the general understanding in Washington that President Hoover himself had staged the battle and ordered the expulsion of the three "trouble-makers." But just at the moment when the heavy artillery should have opened, orderlies came running with an authentic report that King was being restored to his position as accountant to the commission—indicating a hasty retreat on the part of the masters of the establishment.

This fumbling of the ball has concentrated the fierce light of newspaper scrutiny on the Power Commission. No other agency in the government is now so closely watched. It can hold no hearings, take no testimony, make no orders without raising apprehension. For instance, a mild and apparently innocuous hearing on minor leases, which would ordinarily have passed unnoted, broke into front-page news in all parts of the country. Why? Because, while journalists were watching every move, the commission with legal propriety refused to allow Mr. Judson King of the National Popular Government League to put in a word, through expert counsel, "for the people." If the appointees on the Power Commission have no policy, they are a total loss. If they have a policy and cannot realize on it, then they are a total loss without insurance. However excellent, urbane, and civilized they may be—and there is no ground for criticism on this score—three of the commissioners are not fitted for their occupation. An omniscient person never sets fire to his own house. Tentatively at least, it may be said that Mr. Hoover's statecraft has failed him in this instance, lending color for suspicion with reference to his other appointments. And yet it must be said that this very same commission, in the New River case, completely flabbergasted the pessimists by administering a body blow to parties bent on dismembering the Water Power Act. So the earth seems uncertain beneath our feet.

In bringing a long story to a close, a word may be added about the Tariff Commission. It has been bruited abroad that there is a such a thing under the sun as a "scientific" tariff—one that can be taken out of politics and operated on principles of pure mathematics. Those innocents at large who believed in this marvel were, accordingly, distressed when they read in the papers that President Hoover's new commissioners were not production engineers but earthly mortals and that even the Democratic members were tainted with protectionism. The sagacious editors of the New York *Times* were surprised to find a sugar Democrat on the honor roll and furbished up their best Latin aphorisms to give humorous point to their commentaries. But in all the adverse remarks there was a flavor of affectation. Are not the American people committed to protection? Look at the majority rolled up for Mr. Hoover and Mr. Grundy in 1928. And read again the Democratic platform of that year. Dr. Alfred Smith, spiritual heir of Thomas Jefferson, was shipwrecked on a plank sponsoring a tariff "based on the maintenance of legitimate business and a high standard of wages for American labor." Without Democratic votes in Congress the tariff bill of 1930 could never have been enacted into law. Hence, when President Hoover selected the commission to make inquiries and recommendations for modifications in the inspired text, he quite properly felt warranted in loading the dice on the side of protection in the highest. To be sure, only two members of the establishment may be called "experts" in tariff making, but that is irrelevant, for most of the researches will be made by the employees of the board, not the mitered chieftains at the head table. Through the plain authorization of the people, the latter are merely instructed to make the tariff tighter by getting the facts required for the operation. After all, the only "scientists" in this field, upon their own confession, are the free traders who have rationalized an accident of British history into a system of political economy.

Whatever flaws may be picked in President Hoover's appointments in detail, there can be no doubt that they represent his fixed policy in the large. Several years ago, in a small volume entitled "American Individualism," Mr. Hoover expounded his fundamental faith—individualism, in its "philosophic, spiritual, economic, and political phases." After glancing back upon the welter of the war years, he declared: "From it all I emerge an individualist—an unashamed individualist." While he expressed the belief that "we must soften its hardness and stimulate progress through that sense of service that lies in our people," he quickly added that every individual "must stand up to the emery wheel of competition." Strenuously did he object to "the perpetual howl of radicalism" to the effect that "it is the sole voice of liberalism—that devotion to social progress is in its field alone." Radicals make the mistake of forgetting "that progress must come from the steady lift of the individual and that the measure of national idealism and progress is the quality of idealism in the individual." Mr. Hoover was firmly convinced and openly declared that "the most trying support of radicalism comes from the timid or dishonest minds that shrink from facing the result of radicalism itself but are devoted to defense of radicalism as proof of a liberal mind. Most theorists who denounce our individualism as a social basis seem to have a passion for ignorance of its constructive ideals." When a public man sets forth his views in language so clear-cut, appeals to the electorate on principles so candidly announced, and is victorious with the suffrages of millions, he may look with a certain amphibian coolness upon criticisms of his appointments, with justification contending that they conform in the main to policies already frankly proclaimed and approved by the people.

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Russia Struggles On

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, June 22

I HASTEN to record my first impressions. I have spent so many years in the Soviet Union that I no sooner arrive in Moscow than I begin to dig beneath the surface for the secrets of Bolshevik problems or policies and cease to be interested in the more superficial aspects of Soviet affairs. But these first ten days my eye is still fresh after six months' absence, and I have postponed studies to note what it sees—and what the ear hears.

My train from Riga came into Moscow on time. Strange, perhaps, that this should be put down as an achievement, but last year the railroads operated with Oriental unpunctuality. The dinner left much to be desired. The table cloths were old and yellow, the windows thick with dust, the waiters unkempt though extremely polite, and the dishes none too clean. Just elbow grease and some water would have made a sharp difference.

As I watch the flat Russian scene from my car window, a Soviet citizen engages me in conversation. He looks and talks like a professor. "We have everything," he is saying, "grain, wood, coal, water power, fuel, all the minerals — everything but brains." Dostoevskian self-flagellation! Another Russian joins us; they love to talk, these people. His manner is that of a Communist. "Yes," he interposes, "but now the brains are being applied. Our unlimited resources have at least found their exploiter. Think," he adds with growing excitement, "what all this emptiness will look like say twenty years from now, at the end of the fourth Five-Year Plan." "Four five-year periods," the professor sneers. "Perhaps four centuries." The Bolsheviks detest this type of skeptical intellectual; they have self-assurance and faith.

Everywhere from the border to Moscow we saw endless construction activities—new railway warehouses, new freight cars with Soviet machines mounted on them, numerous groups of wooden barracks testifying to factory buildings beyond, and around the capital itself whole new settlements, new plants, and much road-laying. In Moscow people are surprised at the amount of construction that is proceeding. Everywhere apartments are rising where formerly stood empty lots or one-story shacks built in the reign of Catherine. And yet the city still looks dilapidated and down at the heel.

There were no porters at the station. In my experience this has never happened before. "That's all right," a Communist woman friend said to me the same evening in my apartment; "it won't hurt you to carry your luggage yourself. The men are required for more productive labor in carrying out the Five-Year Plan." Russia needs more workers, even unskilled workers. The scarcity of labor will force the Soviet Government to hasten the tempo of mechanization.

The neighbors have been in to ask about Europe and America, and then to tell me their stories. Their interest is keen. Some display a deeper understanding of the economic situation in the United States than many an average American. "This is not America's last crisis," a worker ventures, "but it will leave a bad scar. And Europe will take longer to get over the American depression than America itself." He has been told that, to be sure, in factory meetings. But he handles his knowledge intelligently. All are better versed in German affairs. They inquire, not very hopefully, whether a social revolution is impending there. I have nothing encouraging to offer. Nor are they sanguine. "So the world revolution is not coming yet," a housewife summarizes, shaking her head somewhat mournfully. The Bolsheviks have made the world revolution kitchen talk, but no one believes it is around the corner.

Now we grow more personal. Neighbor One, a woman office employee, has a second husband. Six months ago, while her old husband was absent in a G. P. U. prison, she had taken a young engineer unto herself. They lived in a single large room with her son of sixteen. At present the old man is free again and is back in the same room. So the four of them are in occupation, and the bed of each is screened off from other sections of the room by pieces of furniture. But the old man expects to find another apartment. Neighbor Two, a government official, shared two rooms with her brother. They had a maid. The relations between him and the maid were already quite intimate when I left Moscow last winter. Since then the sister, in a rage, has dismissed the girl and evicted her brother. The maid has found employment with Neighbor One. Neighbor Three —a workingman—is a newcomer. His small room was formerly occupied by a proletarian with wife and child. Now they have moved to a modern cooperative apartment house where they own two rooms and a private kitchen. Today's newspaper says that one million workers and their families have obtained living quarters in new apartment houses during the last five years. Since 1926, 29,000,000 square meters of floor space have been made available for dwelling purposes in newly constructed buildings throughout the country. Of this area 10,000,000 square meters were built in 1931. Further, the wife of Neighbor Four has divorced him and married another. No change in Five. Our own domestic worker, as a servant is styled in Soviet terminology, is a delightful peasant girl. Half a year ago she was thinking of taking a job in a factory. "One is freer," she used to argue. "And then I will belong to the privileged class." Now she is content to remain with us, for if she quits and registers on the employment exchange, she will likely be offered work not in a factory but in one of the new agricultural cooperatives, and she has had enough of village life.

I discover that the public is discussing a brand-new topic—the next Five-Year Plan. In the second *Piatiletka,* I am told, the nation will reap the benefits of the first. From 1929 to 1932 the foundation is being built: basic industries which supply coal, ores, power, fuel, and transport, as well as goods chiefly for export. But in 1933 the superstructure will commence to rise. It will yield clothes, more and better food, additional housing facilities, and comforts. In other words, the seers who prophesy that the Communists

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will be swept out of office at the end of the first Five-Year Plan when the population realizes that its sacrifices have not resulted in an appreciable improvement of its well-being are wrong again. For the masses nurse the promise that relief and prosperity are two years off. Then, in 1933, the four years' "war" will be ended. The view one hears abroad that the present generation must pay for the joys of the coming generation would not be very popular here. The living await their reward in short order. The successes of collectivization have given them heart. Crop prospects this year are again excellent. There is ubiquitous and overwhelming evidence of industrialization. The absence of unemployment is a measure of the huge amount of work being accomplished. The fruits of all these efforts must come quickly. People, I find, really believe this. There is none of the despair and muddling-through spirit frequently encountered in Europe. On the contrary, the men and women I meet are hopeful despite all their grumbling.

Yet life is hard. With some exceptions, my acquaintances look worse than they did six months ago. They are paler and thinner. The physical and nervous strain of remaking a backward country wears on them. The symptoms of this wear are undeniable.

Lest a false impression be conveyed, it must be stated that nobody starves. The population of the entire country, however, suffers from insufficient food, from the poor quality of food, and from lack of variety. Those who have money, and many have, can buy almost anything. The private, non-cooperative markets are well stocked with supplies brought into town by the peasants and hawked by them on street corners and in the bazaars. Prices are exorbitant. Yet comparisons in foreign currency are false. Yesterday I halted in front of a store window on the Tverskaya. Women's woolen sweaters were displayed at 64 rubles each. One immediately says "$32," and recalls that a similar article could probably be purchased abroad for $3. But as I stood, a couple stopped at the window, and the man, who seemed to be a state employee, said: "Sixty-four rubles. That's not so expensive." It is altogether misleading to translate Russian ruble quotations into foreign currency; the ruble does not represent fifty cents in buying capacity.

My friends tell me that most of their earnings now go into the kitchen. Only occasionally do they spend on clothes. Rent and amusements are generally cheap, while luxuries are non-existent. Food takes all the money.

Despite the universal shortage, Russians are complaining less about living conditions than they did before. Some have grown inured to their troubles and regard them as temporarily normal. Others, especially the many thousands who are attached to "closed" cooperatives or have received new apartments, are better situated. The commonest subject of complaint is no longer food. It is work. Of course people could give more service if they received richer nourishment, so that the two questions are not unrelated. But in conversation the first grumble deals with the strain of office and factory employment. Collectively and individually the Russians are accomplishing more than at any time in the history of the nation. The lackadaisical Slav never exerted himself at his job. Now, in this period of stress, he is being asked to place his last ounce of energy at the disposal of the state. He never knew how to work, and he must learn in a hurry. Slacking by one man or by a single production unit usually raises a storm of protest which may immediately find expression in public announcement or in newspaper denunciation. The pressure of mass opinion is readily applied to stimulate maximum effort. But an important cause of overwork is inefficiency, duplication, bureaucracy, and a mechanical striving toward paper results rather than toward real achievement. This and factory management, I am convinced, will soon stand out as the chief problems of the Soviet state.

"L'état, c'est moi." The speaker was a Leningrad student on a visit to Moscow. She had been telling me of her social work. "You see," she elaborated, "I am the state. All its problems, troubles, and triumphs are mine." I had told her of the preoccupation of some Americans with psychoanalysis and glands. She wrinkled her short Russian nose. "Our minds are turned outward," she said. "I would be bored to death if I had only myself to think and take care of. We are heavily burdened with all sorts of extra assignments. They tell us we must sacrifice for the state. But what is the state? It is I, Ivan Ivanovich, my fellow-students, and my family. Then I sacrifice for myself. If it won't last too long," she added with a pretty smile, "I shall not object." I know that she will soon be demanding returns from the Bolsheviks. And this girl and others will strongly disapprove if the government passes dividends too many years in succession.

"Don't you find that we are better clothed this year than last?" she asked. I had noticed that people wore better shoes, and above all that the queues, that bane of the housewife's existence, had almost entirely disappeared. "I have a new dress," the girl student added, and then the "state" commenced to describe its ruffles, its pleats, and the special cut of its collar.

This girl and two boys I have met in the last week do not want to join the League of Communist Youth (Komsomol). This is about the most unfavorable symptom I have encountered in Russian life in years. The new generation should feel itself attracted to the two-million-strong organization which is the junior reserve of the Communist Party and which trains the future leaders of the country. Membership in the Komsomol used to be regarded, and is of course still regarded by many, as a distinction. The Komsomol door is not wide open. Thousands knock for admission each month. But the fact that even a few who are ideologically Bolshevik should turn their backs on the Komsomol points to the existence of a very serious defect. If I were to pool the arguments I have heard against it, the accusation would read more or less as follows: The Komsomol roars loud slogans about the "building of socialism," but actually many of its members are politically dishonest. They aim not for a real moral and social rebirth but for effects that can be expressed in statistics and reported to higher authorities. They do not think. They become automatons. Komsomoltsi are frequently the worst students in the universities. And they are weak on Marxist theory as well. If these things are true in even small measure, the Bolsheviks will be well advised to look to the moral fiber of the people whose material conditions they seek to improve. A new healthy psychology is undoubtedly in the making in the U. S. S. R., but it may be tainted at birth by the unfortunate spiritual concomitants of a difficult struggle for existence.

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The Postage Stamp Goes Republican

By C. J. HUBER

POLITICAL parties must work in sundry ways to keep a tired public amused and entertained. With characteristic inventiveness, knowing America's love of sport, some of our leaders have introduced a most amusing game, played on a national scale with stamps. This game, pleasingly called "Special Issues," is already bringing recreation to thousands of sturdy Americans, in and out of Congress. The object is to get the right kind of Special Issue, depending upon your wants or, if you are in office, the wants of those who elect you. It is wholesome sport, often of an astonishngly droll nature; and the stakes are high.

"The established policy of the Post Office Department," said Postmaster General Brown, "has been to restrict special stamps to commemorate anniversaries of important historical or industrial events of national interest." Now the purpose of the game is to make that statement sound absurd. The funnier you make it sound, the better player you prove yourself. For example, the participants who won the following issues surely qualify as experts:

Huguenot-Walloon tercentenary
Voyage of the Sloop Restaurationen
Death of John Ericsson
Surrender of Fort Sackville
Battle of Fallen Timbers

Among other Special Issues for which men have asked, keeping a straight face, are these:

Issuance of the first "homestead papers" at Beatrice, Nebraska
The Great Salt Lake
The wounding of Lafayette
The life, works, and death of Ephrata Cloister

These lists should be enough to give the reader a fairly clear notion of what one may reasonably try for. It is not at all necessary, of course, to play this game for the fun of it. Like other games, it may be played for the honor of the club, the State, the country, or the Old Home Town. It may even be played professionally—for votes. For example: in 1924 the Honorable Peter Norbeck of South Dakota and the Honorable P. J. Kvale of Minnesota sponsored the following resolution in Congress:

> WHEREAS, The sloop Restaurationen—the Mayflower of the Norsemen—on July 4, 1825, sailed out of Stavanger harbor, Norway, with fifty-two emigrants on board; and
>
> WHEREAS, This vessel, after a perilous and romantic voyage through the British Channel and by the way of the Island of Madeira, reached the port of New York on October 9, 1825; and
>
> WHEREAS, There are now approximately 2,000,000 descendants of the Norsemen in the United States, who have been an important factor in developing large sections of our country . . . therefore be it
>
> *Resolved, etc.,* That the Postmaster General is authorized, and he is hereby requested, to design and issue a special postage stamp of the denomination of two cents (in recognition thereof).

For these two millions of sturdy Nordic votes the Post Office Department printed an attractive two-cent stamp with the Norwegian Mayflower on it, as requested, and for good measure threw in a five-cent value, illustrating an early Viking ship of a long, rakish design coming out of Stavanger harbor with a bone in her teeth—and the American flag floating along to windward. The flag caused much excitement. Many people were unreasonable enough to ask the department why a tenth-century Norse ship should be carrying the Stars and Stripes, but deftly the postal authorities explained that the illustration was not really a Viking ship, but only a replica of a Viking ship, sailed over the Atlantic to these shores in 1912 or thereabouts by several hardy Norwegians bent on proving something or other. Asked why a replica was chosen for the design instead of the real thing, the department sought refuge in its dignity and refused to answer.

Although the game of "Special Issues" was not originated by the sponsors of the Norse issue, credit for putting it on a profitable basis should go to them. It was readily seen by the colleagues of Messrs. Kvale and Norbeck that some excellent publicity was lying around waiting to be picked up. Between 1920 and 1925, the year in which the Norse stamps appeared, five special issues were prepared for a grateful public, and between 1925 and 1930 twenty were printed.

The game of "Special Issues" had arrived. Doughty Congressmen girded up their loins and journeyed forth into the Everlasting Hills in search of historical mammoths. Most of them returned with nothing more than a mouse, slightly spoiled by time, but several exceedingly queer species of small game were turned up. The Honorable Charles J. Esterly of Sally Ann Furnace, a whistle-stop in eastern Pennsylvania, bagged two events worthy of enshrinement in the heart of the nation—the hiding of the Liberty Bell at Allentown and the arrival at Cambridge, Massachusetts, of Captain Nagle's Company of First Defenders, of Reading, Berks County, Pennsylvania.

Not to be outclassed by the gentleman from the East, the Honorable Charles Tatgenhorst, a Representative from Ohio, solemnly arose on the floor of the House and pleaded with his colleagues that the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of building and loan associations in the United States be immortalized via a special issue of stamps. Should the nation pass up a chance to commemorate the first run of a locomotive in America? Senator David A. Reed introduced a bill in Congress requesting that stamp. Representative Hickey of Indiana thought it would be a mighty nice thing for the Post Office to honor the two-hundred-fiftieth anniversary of the landing of René Robert Cavelier de la Salle on the soil of St. Joseph County, Indiana.

The Honorable William R. Eaton of Colorado, after thumbing over several ponderous histories and the files of the Denver *Post,* gave up in disgust. It seems that his native State boasts of some mines, part of a river, several mountains and sanitariums, but no history. Nothing of any

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consequence, he mourned, has ever happened in Colorado and probably nothing ever will. In view of this sad state of affairs, Mr. Eaton had a sporting proposition to offer the Post Office Department: would it feature the Mount of the Holy Cross, a natural phenomenon in the back stretches of Colorado, at the first available opportunity?

When the city fathers of Nashville threw a celebration in honor of its founding, Representative Byrns of Tennessee arose to the occasion and introduced a resolution in the House asking for the usual issue. It was referred to the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, and there hastily strangled. Indignation ran high on the part of the gentlemen from the North and several mass meetings were held at which the Representative from Tennessee was denounced as a public enemy. Friends tried to excuse his action on the grounds of ignorance and thoughtlessness, and made out such a good case that it was decided by the Republican Party to let Mr. Byrns off with a good knouting. So a number of the Old Guard, led by Charlie Curtis, took Mr. Byrns into a corner and explained to him several natural laws and axioms. Did he not know that it was indecent even to mention the South in the presence of his betters? Did he not know that said region was barren of historical events, being noted only for tenuous things such as the quality of its gin, the grace of its horseflesh, and the purity of its womanhood?

Mr. Byrns pointed with a certain measure of pride to the high lights of Southern history, dwelling fondly on several specific items in the records, and wound up with a few stirring references to his own glorious State, asking permission in an absent-minded way to have the latter read into the *Congressional Record*. One of the more literate Senators read to the gentleman from Tennessee a complete list of the commemorative stamps issued in the last decade, and pointed out to him that none of them were in any way connected with the South. States, cities, and regions, the battles, the nationalities, the famous and the near-famous —all so honored were of the North! Mr. Byrns said in a pathetic way that his was a very special occasion—the birthday of a majestic city, in fact—and not to be confused with the ordinary run of events.

"You are asking us to set a precedent, Mr. Byrns. We are sorry; it is utterly impossible." With these words the gentlemen from the North departed, leaving an ache in Mr. Byrns's heart and a memorandum in his hand which read: "It is the will of Allah that no stamps be issued in the name of the South, for it has nothing worthy of being so honored."

Democrats claimed that the Post Office Department was playing politics with our stamps, and a whispering campaign to that effect crept slowly through the Capitol. The Grand Old Party snuffled at the very notion and said that no intelligent person would believe that it had ever taken an unfair advantage of the South. To prove it, a stamp commemorating the founding of the Carolinas was issued by the Post Office last year. It was a gracious move on the part of the government and removed any suspicions of sectional log-rolling from the mind of the South. North Carolina bolted from the Democratic Party in 1928, but nobody has claimed that this fact influenced the department's action.

The Carolinas made the most of this golden opportunity. Everything but the family laundry was thrown into the design. Some of the finer points of Carolina history have been explained by the artist, Mr. H. F. Church, in a letter appearing in the issue of June 5, 1930, of the *Stamp News*:

> The figures of the militant colonial governor and the friendly Indian are respectively Governor Joseph West, the incumbent at the time of the official establishment of Charleston on its present site, and Shaddoo, the Kiawah cassique, through whose efforts the colonists were induced to make the original settlement at Old Town Creek across the Ashley from the present site of Charleston.
>
> The two boats in the harbor depict the removal of the colonists from the old site and the arrival of the Huguenots in the year 1680. The palmetto tree overhanging the central group is, as you know, the South Carolina State emblem, while the sheaf of rice to the left of the design and the sheaf of indigo to the right are symbolic of the two crop staples which made up the bulk of the early colonial exports.

Twenty-five million stamps were printed by the Post Office Department and placed on sale in April. The tar heels and the conches dropped their squirrel guns and came flocking down from the mountains in such large numbers after the little messengers of good-will that the entire issue was sold out in six weeks.

The series of stamps in use today was designed in 1922. It is composed of twenty-five denominations, from a half-cent to five dollars, each bearing a different design. Presidents, famous men, buildings, symbolic figures, bits of scenery, and even an animal—a bull buffalo—were chosen for subjects. The North is represented by Niagara Falls, the West by the Golden Gate, the East by a view of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, and the nation as a whole by both the aforementioned bull buffalo and the goddess America. The South is conspicuously represented by nothing.

Since most of the illustrations on our stamps have not been changed for a decade, a new set of designs would now be acceptable, if for no other reason than to bring these thumb-nail sketches of the country up to date. Even Niagara Falls is somewhat changed in appearance from 1922. A small list of subjects is herewith offered for the approval of the Post Office Department and the Republican Party:

A stirring etching of the good ship Prosperity thundering out to sea with the Great Engineer at the throttle would look fine on the one-cent. An elephant, a dinner pail (full), and a hair shirt trimmed with red ribbons would do nicely for the two-, three-, and four-cent respectively, while Senator Jones should be placed on both the five- and ten-cent values and possibly a pint of Overholt on the two-dollar. A logical subject for the half-cent would be Mr. Volstead, but it is rumored that a certain New England man, a sage and a columnist of high standing on the Republican roll book, is having this space reserved for himself.

Although there are serious objections to the party custom of using the Post Office Department as a political pigskin, twig-rolling in the form of special commemorative stamps is such a harmless form of statesmanship that we can be philosophical about it and decide that our Congressmen could be doing a large number of things more harmful. And if our Senators and Representatives are kept amused through such innocent sport as boosting the home town, they will undoubtedly attend to our welfare with more gusto.

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In the Driftway

TWO black boys from Uganda in Central Africa have been brought to New York, along with three gorillas, a couple of chimpanzees, and other assorted animals, by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. Although the boys have as their duty the care of the animals and sleep by preference at the zoo, they have spent some of their time sight-seeing. They were fascinated to see that Americans built their nests in high buildings, like birds in trees; the sight of an elevated train high in the air "without a head" amused them beyond words; and they could hardly believe their eyes when they saw persons of their own color who actually owned automobiles, the scale of wages in Uganda being such as hardly to justify so exalted an expenditure.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is always interested in this revelation of American life to persons to whom it is almost totally strange. What odd fellows we must seem to them, and how much more sensible their own manners and customs must appear by comparison. We not only build our nests in trees, we transport ourselves beneath the earth. Plunging down a dark and ill-smelling hole, we dash headlong among our fellows, we drop a round metal object into a machine that whirls us around into a seemingly interminable tunnel, we push our way on to a conveyance that provides nearly every possible inconvenience in the way of heat, dirt, and congestion, and emerge presently to be plucked upwards by a cage that lands us among the tree tops where we perform our daily tasks. We take our work hard and our pleasures harder. By hordes we seek diversion—under bright lights where there is more crowding and less air, by the sea which is black with people, in stuffy buildings where, on a silver screen, we watch men and women going through exactly the same motions that we might be expected to wish to escape from. We eat, sleep, and make love in a hurry. When we are still, it is usually because there are so many persons around us that we cannot move.

* * * * *

THE green and silent tunnels of the jungle seem very inviting by comparison. In them there are no trucks with screeching brakes, no bawling radios, no tabloids, no cigarette advertisements, no bathing-girl contests, and no gentlemen with Presidential aspirations. There are, if accounts be accurate, only lions roaring gently, and certain insects, and a few minor inconveniences in the way of fever and snakes and heat. The Drifter confesses at times to a hankering for the jungle. Failing that, there is much to be said for joining the Uganda boys at the zoo. One is in a cage, to be sure, but with a little work of the imagination one might easily be persuaded that the cage was freedom and the rest of the world was imprisoned. One side of the bars may be as free as the other. Thoreau, imprisoned for refusal to pay his poll tax, was visited by one of his friends. "What are you doing in there, Henry?" he was asked. "What are you doing out there?" he replied. There is much to ponder on in that answer.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Simonds Excepts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a faithful reader of *The Nation* and as a contemporary pilgrim of Mr. Villard's in his recent hegira, I find myself frankly bewildered by your present utterances in respect to the German crisis. This bewilderment arises from the fact that I cannot make out whether you hold it more important that France should be punished or Germany saved. Certainly only one of these possibilities can be realized.

Everyone who has been in Germany in recent months, and I spent much time there last winter, knows the gravity of the situation, the immensity of the suffering, and the universality of the despair. Nevertheless, if I spent time in Germany, I also spent an equal amount in France, and in both countries I devoted my days and nights to the study of the feelings of the people even more than to the examination of the policies and opinions of statesmen. The result was that I found in France just as general and unanimous a view as in Germany. When the present German Cabinet announced the program of tariff union with Austria, it instantly and effectively abolished all present hope of French cooperation in any work of economic or financial salvage in Germany. This declaration, following upon that of Treviranus in the matter of revision of the eastern frontiers and also upon the Hitler explosion of the September elections, awakened a feeling in France which can only be compared with that which prevailed just before the occupation of the Ruhr and just after the close of the World War. The French people were aroused, and the first consequence was the defeat of Briand and the second the attitude of the Laval Cabinet in the matter of the Hoover proposal.

Having seen personally the extent of German misery and knowing the degree to which this misery would be accentuated either by the arrival of a fascist dictatorship or the less likely transitory triumph of a Communist *Putsch,* my conviction is that the all-essential thing today is to save Germany, and the single possible means of achieving this end is to bring about some modification of French policy, which directly involves bringing about some change in the French state of mind.

Since the war Germany has had one statesman, and the real greatness of Stresemann lay in his perception that the price of German recovery was a truce with France. He paid that price in the Locarno agreements, which recognized the Franco-German frontier as definitive and pledged Germany not to seek by force the revision of the other boundaries of the Reich. For four years thereafter Franco-German relations steadily improved. The Ruhr was evacuated, then the Rhineland, five years in advance of the treaty date, and, finally, the Dawes Plan was modified to the Young Plan, a step which failed to produce good results only by reason of the world depression. Then Stresemann died, and with his death his policy lapsed. Those who followed, influenced by the rising nationalistic spirit of the youth, were led step by step to adopt precisely those policies which Stresemann had wisely recognized were beyond the present capacity of Germany to realize. And as German policy changed, French spirit was modified, until you arrived at the present impasse. But the physical factors did not change, or rather such change as they underwent was all to the advantage of France, whose financial and economic position improved precisely as that of Germany declined.

Today we are again just where we were in 1923, when the French troops were in the Ruhr and the German resistance had led to the inflation crisis and the financial ruin and eco-

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nomic prostration of the Reich. All the American and British protest and disapproval of the Ruhr occupation did not save Germany. Short of the employment of force by those two nations nothing could. And the same situation exists today, with Britain and the United States far less advantageously placed than seven years ago. In the Ruhr time Germany, having been defeated in her contest, surrendered. She abandoned political purposes beyond her strength and realized economic recovery as a consequence.

Is there any escape today from a similar postponement of political purposes? Even if *The Nation's* view of the territorial and other provisions of the Treaty of Versailles on the moral side be accurate, is it not clear that neither today nor tomorrow is Germany going to be able to achieve revision, and on neither day will America and Britain go to war to aid Germany in this purpose? But to encourage the German people now with the daily emphasis of the moral wrongs and injustices of the treaty terms is to sustain them in a state of mind which can only bring them to ultimate disaster. Union with Austria, revision of the eastern frontiers, abolition of reparations payments—none of these things are beyond the limit of possibility in the future, if Germany shall recover, but while Germany now demands the immediate realization of all these ends, her recovery is not going to take place because the peoples threatened by these projects can and will prevent it.

Mr. Hoover's intervention, designed to prevent German economic collapse and political ruin, solidified French opinion because it was unaccompanied by any parallel effort to obtain from Germany a renunciation of her political purposes. And this solidification of French opinion was immediately disastrous to the Hoover project, since it destroyed its psychological effect and so far from bringing about a new spirit in the world disclosed the persistence of the old.

I do not think anyone can be more keenly alive to the tragedy of the present German situation than I am, after many weeks spent with my German friends and after every sort of proof of their sufferings and their misery. But because I believe that the present German policy means far greater misery and suffering, I find myself at odds with *The Nation,* the effect of whose policy is to encourage the German people in the hope that what they conceive to be justice can be had now and is assured by British and American concern for right and fair play. All my sympathy is with Germany in her present plight, but all my knowledge of European circumstances, whatever of value that may have, warns me that Germany can only be saved as France is made to feel secure.

Snowville, N. H., July 5 FRANK H. SIMONDS

Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES A. BEARD is a well-known historian among whose publications are "American Government and Politics" and "Contemporary American History."

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation,* is the author of "Why Recognize Russia?"

C. J. HUBER is a young student of journalism.

EUGENE LÖHRKE is the author of "Deep Evening."

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES is the author of "This Land of Liberty" and "The Friend of Jesus."

HAROLD WARD has written articles on scientific subjects for various periodicals.

HORACE GREGORY has just published a translation of Catullus.

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See pages 95, 96 and iii for SUMMER advertising

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Books and Films

Letter Never Sent

By EDA LOU WALTON

Whatever there was of lack in me
Shall grow more desert-calm and cold
Knowing the long night come, the story told,
The first dark prayer granted bitterly.
That I should have your body were enough;
Out of this wonder was the vanished stuff
Of sheer dream woven; where was the last dream sold,
Over what tender shoulder draped illusively?
To whom have you given them, those hours of night
That blossomed rich and are blown over with sand?
What lips could mean so little, what unsteady hand
So little to you, for whose rare delight
Was all this taken from me? What tall girl
Unwinds the long gold circling of a curl
With shaking fingers; what throat have you fanned
Tonight with the wisdom of your sight?
You who have seen me thus and never seen
How all that was forbidden could break over
Like some great wave, nor would I run to cover,
Seen how this body stretched where waves have been,
More dead than any shell whose life is eaten,
Turns on each tide, is by each new tide beaten;
You who have seen, can never see, now hover
Over some new shell on a beach washed clean.
You will remember only how a woman
Offered no lamentation, was never given voice
To cry out in the wilderness, by choice
Was dumb and lovely and most gently human,
Placing her hand upon your hair, she said
Never a wistful word that could not be unsaid.
Words are like birds, never may they rejoice
Save on the wing outgoing or incoming.
I am so calm, I have not even spoken
Your name that was emblazoned on my tongue,
Deplored not silence, bannered not the wrong,
Nor will acknowledge golden vessel broken.
No urn, no urn! The flesh endures the blow
And stands more exquisite where seedlings grow
Into the flower of parting. Take this song
Unsung, these songless lips, for token.

More Portraits by Strachey

Portraits in Miniature. By Lytton Strachey. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

"A BIOGRAPHY," writes Mr. Strachey in one of these exquisite thumb-nail sketches, "should either be as long as Boswell's or as short as Aubrey's. The method of enormous and elaborate accretion which produced the 'Life of Johnson' is excellent, no doubt; but, failing that, let us have no half-measures; let us have the pure essentials—a vivid image, on a page or two, without explanations, transitions, commentaries, or padding." The present volume, as if in illustration of this dictum, is composed of a score of biographies and portraits as short as Aubrey's; but this does not prove that Mr. Strachey takes his own pronouncement quite seriously. He has never written a biography as long as Boswell's, and there is no reason to suppose that he ever will. But he has now written biographies of every *other* length. Among the problems that fascinate him most as a literary artist are those of exclusion and of scale. In "Queen Victoria" and "Elizabeth and Essex" his scale was that of the average modern novel; in "Eminent Victorians" it ranged from the hundred-and-thirty pages devoted to Manning to the thirty-five allotted to Dr. Arnold; in "Books and Characters" it was somewhat smaller; here it almost literally becomes the vivid image "on a page or two." Mr. Strachey, in brief, has hewn statues and cut cameos, and in every scale he has shown himself to be incomparably superior to any contemporary rival.

Has he his limitations? Yes, if one must speak of them. There is, it is true, a certain sameness of tone in his approach; his irony, perhaps, is too insistently present. His characterization, no doubt, is here and there too bold—goes just a little beyond what his knowledge of substantiated facts would altogether justify. Perhaps, also, this brilliant skill and enchanting style are now and then supported by certain tricks. Mr. Strachey is possibly too fond of deathbed pictures (though that should be forgivable in a writer who can do them so magnificently); and his subjects are perhaps too much given to gazing into the fire as old age creeps upon them. Readers of "Queen Victoria" will recall how the Baron, when Victoria declared with passionate conviction that she would carry on her dead husband's work, "smiled a sad smile and looked into the fire." In the score of portraits in the present volume, I have counted no fewer than three more characters who brooded or dozed over fires. But it is always a charming picture, and could there be a more vivid symbol for portraying the memories or regrets of those whose lives are passing into the twilight?

No, I should prefer to have someone else talk of Mr. Strachey's limitations. If there are tricks in his technique and style, their secret is well guarded; he is still the only biographer living who seems to know precisely what they are, and to be master of all of them. Is he "decadent"? Then so much the better for decadence, whatever that may be. To quarrel with Strachey because he will never write like, say, Carlyle, or Joyce, seems to me merely silly: it is the ancient critical error of discussing the swan as if it were a defective sort of eagle. Mr. Strachey brings his own heady flavor to everything he writes. It is not only his sympathies that are with the eighteenth-century classical writers; his qualities, too, are the great classical qualities with which he credits Gibbon—order, precision, lucidity, urbanity. To these we must add, of course, an irony of the type that also reached its finest flower in the eighteenth century, a muted irony, almost omnipresent, as we have seen, but never labored. Like all great ironists Mr. Strachey is willing to take the chance that half his irony will be missed by the majority of his readers. He insinuates it with the least possible emphasis. One could almost write an essay, indeed, on the cleverness of his punctuation alone: where a bad writer would hammer in an exclamation point, and even a good writer would put a period, Mr. Strachey is content to let fall a comma, and to glide along as if almost unaware of what he had just said.

In the course of these sketches Mr. Strachey remarks that while the historian must have a point of view, a point of view by no means implies sympathy, and one might almost say that it implies the reverse; and he proceeds to give instances of the curious fact that so many great historians have been "at daggers drawn with their subjects." He is, of course, himself a notable addition to the list. He was more successful with Victoria than with Elizabeth, because he respected Elizabeth more. In the present volume his essay on Hume is admirable, his

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essay on Gibbon even better, but his essay on Macaulay, because it is least sympathetic, surpasses them both.

These "Portraits in Miniature," aside from those on the historians, are concerned mainly with minor celebrities, chiefly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—Sir John Harington, the inventor of the water closet; Madame de Sévigné's cousin; Dr. Colbatch, the Abbé Morellet, Mary Berry, Madame de Lieven, and the extraordinary prophet Muggleton, who founded a sect that lives to this day, and still sings,

> I do believe in God alone,
> Likewise in Reeve and Muggleton.

We should not overlook, either, the Président de Brosses, "the man who got the better of Voltaire," and on Voltaire's own ground: he was an able person, but a fatalist might easily believe that his chief reason for existence was that this delightful sketch of sixteen pages might some day be written. In all these minute biographies we get an extraordinary sense of the times as well as of the man; and the author leaves the impression that, had he wished, he could have written an entire book on almost any one of his subjects without further research. The best of these portraits are, in short, little masterpieces.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Eternal Adolescent

The Pure in Heart. By Franz Werfel. Simon and Schuster. $3.

THE theme of Franz Werfel's new book, so his publishers announce, is the dilemma of the spiritual man in our present-day non-spiritual universe. This seems far enough from the point of Herr Werfel's occasionally penetrating and more often tedious narrative to raise the question of when a "spiritual universe" existed. It is a little bit unfair to the reader to reduce the book in advance to the level of a flavorless commonplace. "The Pure in Heart" reflects, throughout, the images of an adolescent mentality, and its major appeal, like that of Rousseau's "Confessions," must be to the eternally adolescent.

There is passion of a sort in this book, there is an occasional strain of lyric beauty; but it is the self-explanatory passion of a soul lost and fumbling in the world. Or, if one cares to analyze it further, it is the story of a man who has never got over his childhood love and need for his nurse; whose whole life is a straying away from and drawing close to that ancient, protective symbol; who, in other words, has never grown up and seems never to expect to. It is, moreover, a highly subjective story, fitted loosely into a general framework that is ill adapted to carry it; and like so many subjective treatises it is tiresome.

This, then, would seem to reduce the "dilemma of the spiritual man in our present-day non-spiritual universe" to the rather bleak question of how to grow up. Ferdinand R., which is as far as we get with the hero's name, is a character unfortunately rendered from the inside out. When the narrative opens, he is a ship's doctor on a large passenger steamer; when it closes, he is again a ship's doctor, and his life in between is lived in the book. This is not an ingenious frame for an occasionally hysterical narrative, but it does allow the author a free hand to probe and question as he pleases. The scenes of the hero's childhood are finely etched and vivid, the rest of the book concerns his adolescence, his mistreatment in a cadet school, his experiences in the war and in revolutionary Vienna. This is a story that has been told often enough before, and a good deal better. And if the tale has any real point or "moral" at all, it must impress the judicious reader as more unfortunate than otherwise that a grown man must love no other woman but his nurse to the end. In that sense Franz Werfel's conclusion is a rationalization—whether specious or profound is a matter for the reader's discernment:

> All human relationships, the most natural even, are illusion. We can neither love nor possess anyone else, since humans are forbidden to interpenetrate, and the best we can manage is to touch. Love is our faculty for developing the image of another passionately in the darkness within ourselves. Reality is an album of pictures, words are the instruments of division, the rush of life the deadest of all solitudes. All this is so easy to say.

EUGENE LÖHRKE

Liberals on Horseback

Behold America! Edited by Samuel D. Schmalhausen. Farrar and Rinehart. $5.

"BEHOLD America!" is a symposium by thirty-three well-known American writers. Now symposiums, even by well-known writers, are usually more profitable than entertaining. Specialists are likely to be uncommonly dull as well as uncommonly wise. And even in the best of symposiums the flow of eloquence and learning will be suddenly halted by an article from some dreadful dub included through the mistaken tolerance of the editor. "Behold America!" is not open to these customary strictures. It is a stirring volume and gains steadily in interest as it proceeds. One gets from it a definite picture of this complex thing called America, hag-ridden by the industries that are both its glory and its shame, and one also finds a definite attitude taken toward the picture by nearly all the contributors. It is the character of this unanimity which is perhaps the most significant thing about the book. This appears most clearly in contrast with a superficially similar work that appeared about nine years ago, "Civilization in the United States: An Inquiry by Thirty Americans," edited by Harold Stearns. That earlier volume was one long outcry of surprised and embittered idealism; the contributors were too shocked, too disheartened and bewildered by what they saw, even to have any hopeful dreams. "We never amounted to anything, and we never will," they seemed to cry in their despair. The picture presented in "Behold America!" is fully as dark, but the tone, the mood, is, for the most part, very different. In the first section, entitled America: Promise and Fulfilment, Harry Elmer Barnes, Robert Morss Lovett, Robert Herrick, and others look back upon our dead past as one looks upon a murdered kinsman; their outcries are less elegiac than warlike. As the book proceeds to its detailed discussion of the present, there is a steady-eyed facing of unpleasant facts, as a mountain climber counts the crags above him meaning to surmount them. There is no cheap optimism, but there is what is much better, firmness in the long hour of defeat. Thus T. Swann Harding dicusses the profession of the law that has ceased to be a profession save in name, and Ernest Gruening the journalism that has not become a profession save in name; thus John T. Flynn writes of Wall Street, Abraham Lefkowitz of secondary education, Louis Boudin of the dictatorship of the judiciary, and Robert Dunn of our imperialism that "goes marching on—to war." There are good articles on the Negro problem by George S. Schuyler, on censorship by William Seagle, on America's cults by Joseph Jastrow, on the Myth of Law and Order by Roger Baldwin. The thirty-three authors of the book are as one in the condemnation of the results of our private capitalism; they are almost as one in envisaging an ideal which Samuel Schmalhausen finely describes as "cultural communism." Such agreement is not the result of political unanimity, for the

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authors stretch all the way from the liberal right wing, represented by Henry S. Canby, who bases his hopes on an aroused minority, to the radical left wing, represented by V. F. Calverton, who counts on an awakened proletariat (although this is only one point in his long and very able article on Social Forces in American Literature). At the moment Mr. Canby would seem to have the better of it, since the aroused minority actually exists while the awakened proletariat is only a mystic hope; but perhaps the ineptitude of our political and industrial leaders may be safely trusted to give Mr. Calverton his revolutionary proletariat in time. Meanwhile, at any rate, the right and the left wing represented in "Behold America!" belong to the same army. And the army is moving. Everywhere in the book one feels the sense of impending change. The change may well not be for the better, it may be for the worse. But at least it will be a change in which the real thinkers of the country will again have something to say. The liberals or radicals—call them which you will—are once more on horseback.

All this makes it the more regrettable that there is in the volume no direct frontal attack on our main industrial problems. Articles on our oil, coal, and steel and iron industries, on our banking system, and, above all, on our public utilities seem demanded by the whole tenor of the book. Surely no one can adequately behold America without an examination of the way in which our basic industries are conducted. Similarly, it is regrettable that our actual attainments in certain fields other than industry do not receive more attention. Contemporary American painting deserves more than a portion of a single page, and American architecture assuredly deserves a separate chapter. Although the dismal failure of our high schools and colleges is the outstanding feature of the educational scene today, that is no reason for disregarding the actual gains in elementary education or neglecting the promise of our "experimental schools." Perhaps after a few more seasons of financial depression the general American smugness and complacency will be sufficiently shattered so that even liberals may venture to say one or two kind words for their country. Until that time they will doubtless continue to feel the need to apply the strongest kind of stimulus to rouse the nation from its sleeping sickness. We can hardly expect in the near future any more balanced picture than that presented in "Behold America!" Rather, we may expect an increasing number of its own kind—fearless, undespairing, calling to us to face new unhappy, nearby things and battles still to come.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

Logic and the Sciences

The Logic of Science. By Harold R. Smart. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

THIS little volume by Professor Smart is intended to illustrate the many interrelations between philosophy, logic, and the sciences, with particular attention to the metaphysical and conceptual implications in each. The lay reader with more than a casual interest in this very complex subject will find much to reflect upon in the first two chapters, which discuss the theory of knowledge as affected by the scientific approach to "reality." A long discussion of mathematics (which, with logic, is the author's special field) shows the increasing tenuity of mathematical thought, whose dependence upon symbols is at once its power and its weakness; the present situation in physics is analyzed, emphasis being laid upon the subtle confusions resulting from the many brilliant but often inconclusive achievements of the masters, from Faraday to Eddington and Heisenberg. Biology, psychology, and the social sciences are also briefly reviewed, and their respective aims and accomplishments are set against the ideals of rigor and clarity prevailing in the "exact" sciences. A final chapter of Metaphysical Observations leads the author through much intricate discussion of abstract notions to his own point of view that "the task of philosophy" is "the theoretical comprehension of human experience in its entirety," involving "the differentiation and integration of . . . values in a systematic unity."

It is probable that students familiar with the exhaustive work of Emile Meyerson, E. Cassirer, Norman Campbell, C. I. Lewis, and other theorists of science will not find a great deal that is new in this book. But it was not written for advanced students; indeed, the author, whose own scholarship is much in evidence in the text, footnotes, and bibliography, intends no more than an introduction to a subject the latest contribution to which will be found in the masterly "Reason and Nature" of Professor Morris R. Cohen. As such it performs an admirable liaison service between layman and specialist.

HAROLD WARD

Chatterton

A Life of Thomas Chatterton. By E. H. W. Meyerstein. Charles Scribner's Sons. $7.50.

EVEN at this date, far removed from the last four decades of the eighteenth century, it is very nearly impossible to view the legend of Thomas Chatterton with a dispassionate eye. The sentimental story of his suicide seemed to become a signal for the display of sensibility and romantic fervor. Here was young David taking his stand against Goliath. In this case the Biblical giant happened to be an effeminate gentleman of letters, a Horace Walpole, but no matter—he was still Goliath, dressed in silks and ribbons and reclining in an armchair at Strawberry Hill.

Out of the veritable mountain of facts concerning the subject of a nine-year study, Mr. Meyerstein clarifies the issue between the young poet and his boyish hoax and the effort on the part of a man of letters to defend his reputation as an antiquarian. In fact, the Walpole-Chatterton controversy becomes the central point of interest in this biography; it is here that Mr. Meyerstein makes his original contribution to the history of English poetry.

The original hoax, backed by two Bristol historians, William Barrett and George Catcott, was immediately placed under suspicion by Walpole and Dr. Johnson. Literary mysteries, however, have a method of self-propagation that carries them far beyond the limits of human reason. It was not until the latter half of the nineteenth century that the question of Chatterton's remarkable vocabulary was definitely settled by the famous philologist W. W. Skeat. Mr. Meyerstein has amplified Skeat's discoveries by a detailed account of the Walpole episode and a careful revaluation of Chatterton's famous "Rowley Cycle" as the work of a highly gifted and original poet.

The story of the Walpole-Chatterton dispute is closely associated with Chatterton's conception of himself as an artist, and is therefore of primary importance. The facts that Mr. Meyerstein presents may be summed up as follows: Chatterton, at the time he appealed to Walpole for criticism and assistance, had fully identified himself with Thomas Rowley, a fifteenth-century character of his own creation. Barrett and Catcott, the Bristol historians, were delighted with Rowley—here at last was a poet of which all Bristol could be proud. To prove him false would leave them barren indeed, and Bristol's annals of antiquity, deprived of their hero, would be decidedly less glorious and imposing. Walpole received Chatterton's manuscript with great enthusiasm, and then suddenly grew cool,

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fearful of being made the victim of a hoax. Meanwhile, Chatterton, insulted by Walpole's neglect of the merit contained in the poetry he had sent him for critical examination, saw the frustration of his hopes. He never forgave Walpole and, what is more, disclosed his hatred. Walpole, in self-defense, circulated lies concerning his entire relationship with young Chatterton. It was not until after Chatterton had come to London and died in poverty that Walpole began to see merit in the work that had been offered him by his young enemy. Mr. Meyerstein refuses to sentimentalize over details of the Chatterton suicide. It is quite possible that the motives for Chatterton's suicide may be found in his revolt against himself. The real Thomas Chatterton was Thomas Rowley, not the brilliant hack who made a precarious living by writing political satire. The death of Rowley—murdered by critics such as Walpole and Dr. Johnson—found a logical conclusion in Chatterton's suicide.

Mr. Meyerstein's excellent analysis of Chatterton's poetry is worth the consideration of anyone interested in a definitive study of the romantic tradition in English literature.

HORACE GREGORY

Notes on Fiction

Three Pairs of Silk Stockings. By Panteleimon Romanof. Translated by Leondide Zarine. Edited by Stephen Graham. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

"A Novel of the Life of the Educated Class Under the Soviets" is the subtitle of this realistic story by a Communist writer. It contains no propaganda; it is, indeed, brutally frank in its portrayal of the harshness of life in overcrowded and underfed Moscow. It reads like the study of an impartial observer who is neither sympathetic nor hostile toward the people who come under his eye. This is not to imply that the book is a tract. It is an engrossing novel of the naturalistic school; it is most certainly not a Communist fairy tale, a defense or an indictment of anything. Citizen Romanof looks at the *ci-devant* educated classes of the old bourgeoisie as they appear, now that the tables are somewhat turned, robbed of authority, undergoing poverty and hardships, working under commoners who are inferior to them in learning and experience oftentimes, as well as in breeding. He observes the cracking of their morale. The man or woman emerges, bit by bit, from the shell of his former "code of honor," his impregnable faith in the old conventions, ceremonies, habits, convictions. A few remain affected and slightly ridiculous figures in the new Russia. A few turn religious or idealistic. Some, for all their poverty and degradation and hopelessness, maintain fine dignity, an admirable poise, and prove themselves worthy of what was best under the old order. Others, like the protagonist in the story, become toadies to their masters, betray their old comrades, as, bit by bit, their characters prove too weak to stand up under poverty and hardship. This novel about Hyppolit Kisliakof, his wife, his circle of friends, his Communist boss, his trials and moral degradation as he rises to power and influence is, judged as a document alone, a book worthy of attention.

Juan in America. By Eric Linklater. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

Mr. Linklater's Juan is lineally descended from Byron's, being the great-grandchild, several times removed, of the issue of an amour between that fascinating individual and an English duchess. Juan comes to America to go to a university and study business methods and systems. But he fumbles the ball in an important football game, thus losing his girl, the esteem of his schoolfellows, and the regard of his professors, who now insist that he do some work. So Juan sets forth on his wanderings through the wilds of America, meeting Chicago gunmen, racketeers who guzzle banana delights in drug-stores, and many other interesting phenomena. He winds up in Hollywood. Mr. Linklater's satire is directed only at the surface absurdities of American life, but it is keen and penetrating in dealing with them. The book is long and for the most part highly entertaining, while some of it is downright hilarious.

Sympathetic to Bare Feet. By Jonathan Leonard. The Viking Press. $2.50.

This third novel by Jonathan Leonard marks the development of a style and method whose importance may escape immediate attention. The story of the meddling Daniel who loses his finger in the machine he is supposed to have invented and of Edith his granddaughter, who has an affair with a truck driver whom she refuses to marry, contains obscurities of intention and events which might be clarified if Mr. Leonard were content to use an ordinary symbolism; but the value of his novel lies precisely in his refusal to work with conventional symbols or conventional comic tactics. Though the novel may not give instantaneous pleasure to all who read it, a peculiar pleasure is there for the taking.

Occupied Territory. By Alice Ritchie. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

This quiet story set in the background of the British occupation in the German Rhineland is too slight and ineffectual quite to press its meaning home. But it has subtlety and insight. It does not compare with Isa Glenn's deeply shaded studies of little groups of people caught at odd moments when they are unaware, but it has a quality which brings her novels to mind. Into the variegated group of officers and their wives stationed temporarily in a small German village near Cologne comes the Colonel's daughter, a girl of seventeen straight from a convent school. And when she falls in love, hardly realizing what the malady is, the drama accelerates. There is no love-making. The story is too tenuous to make the reader feel strongly about it, one way or another.

Films

Lectures from the Screen

A SPOKEN narrative illustrated by silent or sound pictures on the screen is a form of the talking picture that is quite distinct from the ordinary dialogue movie. The difference, and it is a very important one, lies in the fact that in the latter case the people and settings shown tell their own story, whereas in the former case the story is told by the lecturer, who arranges his film material with an almost unlimited freedom of treatment. It might have been expected that with this power over his material the movie lecturer would develop a flexible and dramatically effective technique making the utmost use of similarities and contrasts, of variations of tempo, and of the many telling effects obtained from the camera, the film, and the screen. But it is extremely seldom that one encounters such originality of treatment. Not so long ago, at the Astor Theater, on the same program with "A Free Soul," a short sports news-reel showing a group of champion divers distinguished itself by some very ingenious stop-motion effects, the humor and charming narrative informality of which were much appreciated by the audience. "Hell Below Zero," recently shown at the Cameo, is another entertaining as well as in-

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structive example of the art of movie lecturing. It is true, photographically the picture does not rise to any great heights, but it is, at least, intelligently put together, so that the lecturer's talk becomes closely interwoven with the images on the screen. The honors of the picture, however, go almost entirely to the lecturer, Mr. Carveth Wells, whose delightful wit and ease of manner enable him to carry and convey his knowledge with captivating charm. For the benefit of those who are interested in such matters, I may mention that the title of the picture is rather misleading. The picture's record of the mysterious Mountains of the Moon in equatorial Africa contains nothing that can justly be described as "hellish," but on the other hand it gives some extraordinary views of the vegetation of the region, which is probably the most fantastic thing seen on the earth; and as an introduction to this Mr. Wells treats us to some "inside information" on the African jungle, which does not appear to exist, and on the ferocious ways of lions, which, as Mr. Wells shows us on the screen, would do anything to run away from you if you would only let them go.

I do not know if the box-office value of "Hell Below Zero" had any relation to its qualities. But I do know that the picture that followed it at the Cameo, called "Mystery of Life," is considered, and probably is, a great money-maker. And yet, aside from its subject, the story of evolution, which has acquired a kind of mystic significance in the eyes of the general public, and aside from the name of Clarence Darrow, who officiates at the ceremony of "explaining" evolution, I have seldom seen a picture so badly made and so dull. The main trouble with the picture, of course, is that it attempts too much. No intelligent story of evolution can be shown and explained on the screen in a film of ordinary length. Moreover, a subject that requires not only a display of data but a reasoned and telling demonstration can hardly be treated in the haphazard way of the picture in question. It is not enough to throw the facts on the screen. They must be built up into syllogisms. In this case neither Mr. Darrow, slow, ponderous, and primitively theological in his evolutionism, nor his collaborator, Dr. Parshley, who supplies the scientific data, has taken the trouble to tell his story in the clear and concise fashion demanded by the subject. But, then, neither of these two gentlemen can be expected to know much about film making, and the company that made the film apparently never came to their rescue.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

THE new "Ziegfeld Follies" (Ziegfeld Theater) are disappointing. Were the former "Follies" really as good as I thought they were, one asks oneself, or is this really one of the poorest of them? The girls are as beautiful as ever; the dancing is extremely smooth and good; Urban has perhaps done better scenery, but this is not bad; the music will pass. . . . Yet with the exception of one or two scenes the revue is almost completely lacking in fresh ideas or humor, and this is surely a serious handicap.

H. H.

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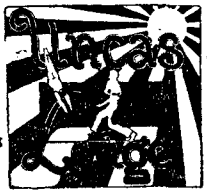

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